INTERVIEWS WITH THE CLASS WARRIORS

Strength in Numbers
THE CLASS WAR IS THE EVERYDAY FIGHT BACK AGAINST ALL THOSE WHO TRY TO KEEP US IN LINE WITH THEIR LAW AND ORDER. THEIR SCHOOLS, MEDIA, PRISONS, COURTS AND CHURCHES ARE THERE TO TAME US. BUT WE ARE THE UNGOVERNABLE CLASS AND OUR HONOUR TO EACH OTHER OUR UNITY, AND THE MAYHEM WE will unleash upon the enemy will defeat THEM. DON'T LET 'EM GRIND YOU DOWN - FIGHT BACK
CLASS WAR RAIDERS
Gang Up and Fight Back

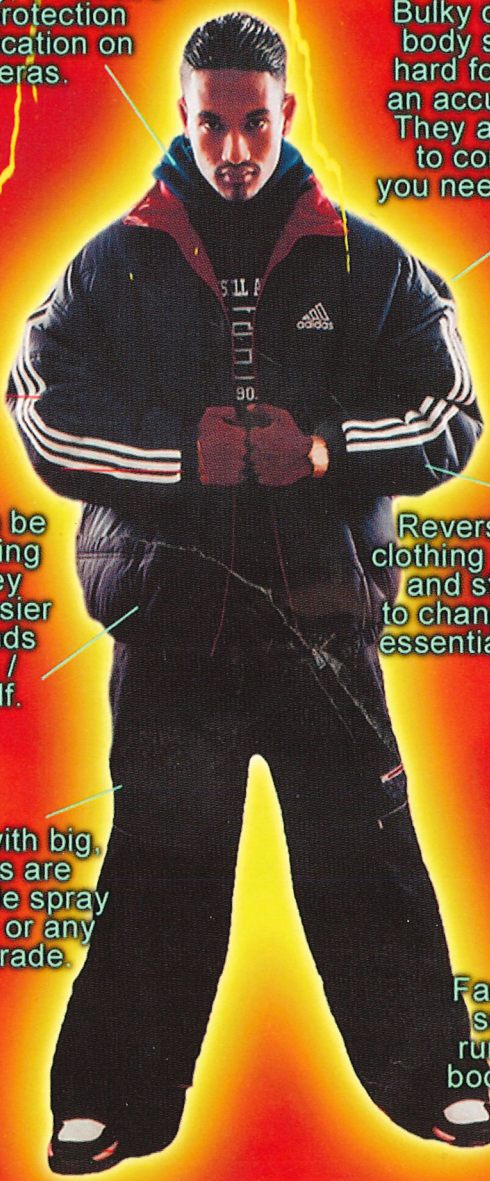
CLASSWAR

SURVIVAL TIP NO.1

CLOTHING AS A WEAPON

To hide your identity, a hooded top is essential protection to prevent identification on security cameras.

Bulky clothes hide your body shape, making it hard for anyone to give an accurate description. They also make it easy to conceal whatever you need to keep hidden.



Secret pockets can be sewn inside the lining of any jacket. They make shoplifting easier and keep your hands free for escaping / defending yourself.

Reversable jackets and clothing of different colours and styles underneath to change quickly into are essential to stay out of jail

Baggy pants with big, deep pockets are essential to hide spray cans, stickers or any tools of the trade.

Fast get away shoes such as trainers / running shoes - not boots or skate shoes

An Interview with the Class Warriors

What follows is an interview with 6 people who are in 'Class War'. They all live on housing commission estates around Australia, and they have all been involved for over one year. Examples of their posters and leaflets; and their own stories and opinions are provided as an example of what young people on the streets are getting up to.

They are presented for general information purposes only. Neither the interviewer, the author or the publisher assumes any responsibility for the use or misuse of information contained here.

Pete (P) is from Campbelltown in Sydney and is 16 years old. He sometimes goes to school.

Sue (S) is 16 and is from Elizabeth in Adelaide. She goes to school.

Rob (R) is 22 and is from Mt. Dandenong in Melbourne, and makes money any way he can.

Trish (T) is 15 and is from Wooloomooloo in Sydney, and she goes to school.

Kevin (K) is 21 and is from Woodridge in Brisbane, and works as a mechanic.

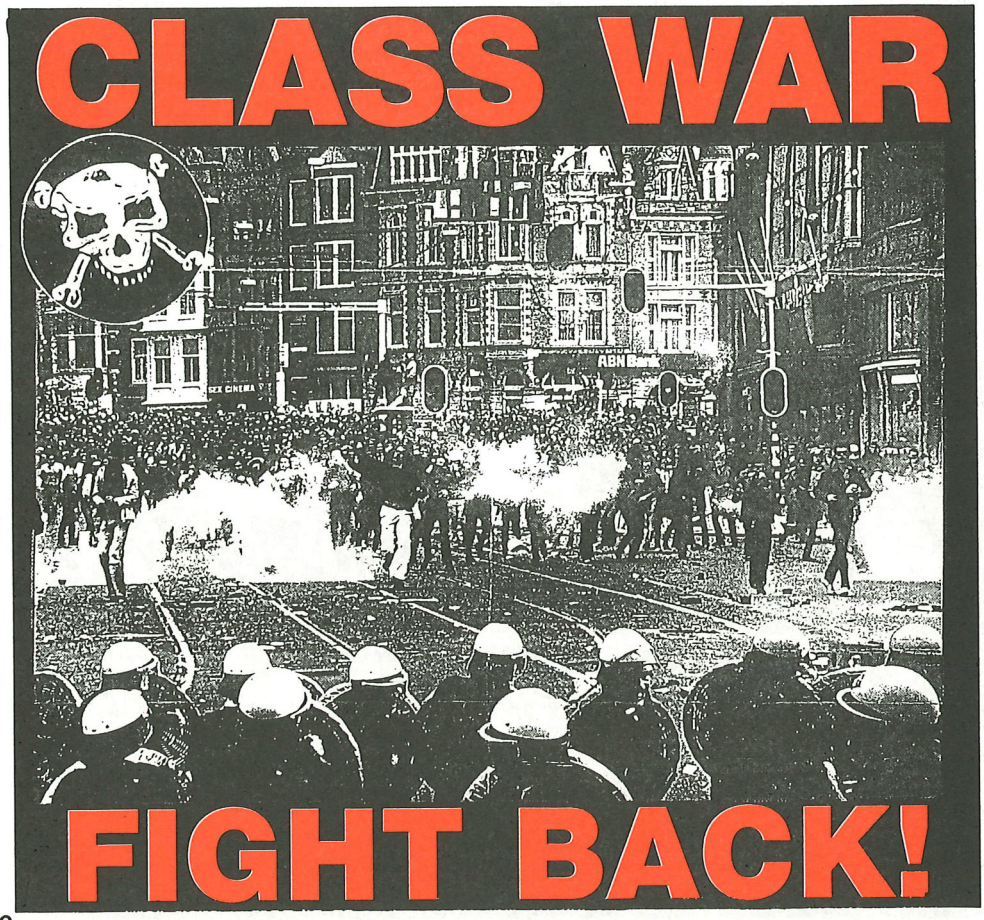
Dave (D) is 23 and is from Dubbo. He is unemployed.

Pete, Trish, Kevin and Sue are white Australians. Dave is part Aboriginal. Rob is an Asian-Aboriginal. Some of the names, places and ages of those interviewed have been altered at their request to avoid legal problems.

Question 1. How did each of you become involved in 'Class War'?

(P) I saw a sticker on a tram station 2 days after I was in court that said 'A.C.A.B' – all coppers are bastards'. I thought it was awesome and I agreed with it. I wrote down the contact address and sent off for some more info. It was as simple as that.

(S) There was this mad guy in our maths class called Simon Collins who got into trouble for talking, and rather than coping it he got out of his chair and knocked the teacher clean out. He's standing there looking down at the teacher and he goes "Congratulations Mr Davis, you just met Class War". Everyone roared with laughter and that was the first time that I ever heard of it, and it was the coolest thing that ever happened at our school. The teacher was a total fuckwit. About a month later I read an article in a magazine about



'Class War' and it gave it's address. So I wrote off to it, and they sent me all this free stuff – I was beamin'!

(K) I saw the words 'Class War' graffitied round Brisbane and wondered whose tag it was, cos I was into the graff scene in a big way. There was a shop in Brisbane that sold hip-hop music and clothes and they had Class War clothes in there. So I brought a t-shirt that said 'Rob the Rich' cos it looked filth. The guy in the shop gives me the shirt and hands me some stickers for free with it and tells me "don't say you got the stickers here..." I sent off for some more stickers from the contact address, and that's when my involvement began.

(D) A load of us from Dubbo, mostly Aboriginals, went down to Canberra for a protest march a couple of years ago, and it turned into a riot. We belted the coppers and looted the souvenir shop. But, as we got there, a couple of blokes were handing out cans of VB with a sticker round 'em that had a picture of an axe in the Prime Minister's head. It said 'Class War' – the best cut of all – and told you to drink up and chuck the empty at the nearest copper. We thought it was fucking hilarious and the whole thing a joke, until the riot went off and all those cans got chucked at the coppers. On the bus on the way home, one fella had a newspaper called 'Class War' and a few of us used the mail address in the paper for more information – and that was it.

(R) We used to deal round Mt. Dandenong station along with a load of other guys. We're doing business as usual, you know. And this guy walks up to us one at a time handing us a leaflet as he did. I thought he was some sort of whacked out Christian type, you know. Then he sticks this leaflet at me and goes "have a read and think about what it says", and off he goes to the next dealer. Us guys are all looking at each other in confusion. I stuck it in my pocket and kept on with business. Later on at the club I had a read, and it just says in big letters "Dealers are doing the coppers work for them by keeping the people stoned all the time who could be a threat to them". I thought it was true so I stuck it on the wall in my bedroom – but I kept dealing cos of the cash. When I got raided and busted, the coppers all looked at the leaflet stuck on top of my Tupac poster – and they didn't like it – or me! After I had done some time and got my act together a bit I contacted 'Class War' through the mobile number on the leaflet. They were pretty cool too.

FIGHT BACK
AGAINST AUTHORITY

Question 2. What does Class War mean to you guys?

(R) To me it means not taking a backward step from authority. I'd rather fight cops and prison wardens than ever do what they say.

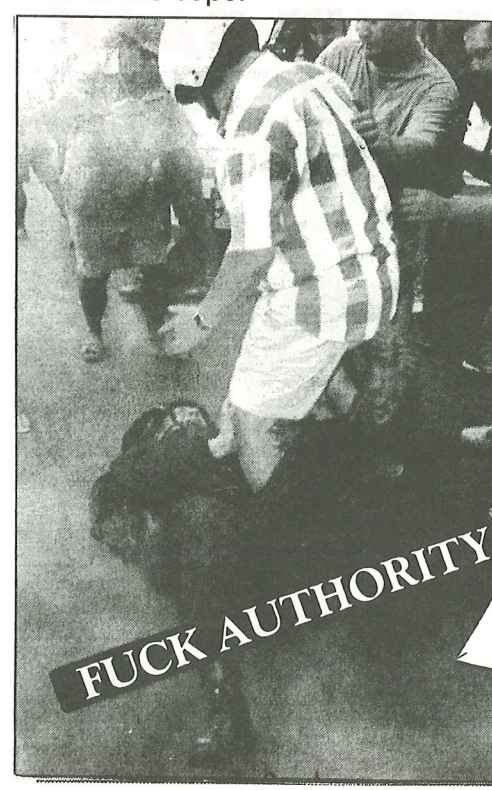
(K) To me it's about not licking the boss' arse, and not being a push-over. At work I'm known in the depot as the boss' nightmare and I'm proud of it. I look at others who sit around and laugh at the boss' jokes – that aren't even funny – just to get on his good side, as pathetic wimps. They complain and whinge when he's not around, but when he's there they all climb over the top of one another to be his mate. To me, Class War is not about whingeing or complaining – it's about taking direct action; it's

about being a stand-up fighter rather than a snivelling wimp. That's the reason why I have been sacked from 5 different jobs. I'm also into hip-hop, rap and graffin' and I dig that Class War is all about sticking together and fighting back, you know, the underdogs and that. And their slogans and artwork look filth sprayed along walls everywhere.

(T) To me it's definitely about standing up to authority and not letting them walk all over you. If we stand up and fight together they would be more scared of us. I also like that it's about helping out where we live and not dobbing on each other and not robbing off each other. Everyone on our housing estate has a "Don't rob here – go rob the rich" sticker on their front door. And I think that is fucking great.

(D) To me it's about not doing what the coppers tell you to do and not letting 'em pick on other people. We all jump in to help out against the cops, and plenty of us get locked up for it too. Class War to me is telling coppers to get fucked. And when the rich farmers come to town, we slash the tyres on their Range Rovers with a Stanley knife. I fucken hate those 4-wheel drive cunts who think they're better than everyone else.

(P) To me, Class War is about robbing off the rich, not off people living in Houso and that. It's about running wild and enjoying yourself and not letting yourself get pushed around. The things I've learnt from my life is that a group of people who stick together can do anything – from ramraiding a jewellers to backing each other up against the cops. Wherever we go – we stick together. The Rich think that people who live in the Houso are scum – Well we think they are scum – and we've got the balls to back it up. To me Class War is about making our housing estate a fortress against cops, where we can feel safe and run wild. And it's about fully panelling anyone who robs off our estate or informs on us to the cops.



Question 3. Is Class War a gang, an organisation, an extremist political group or what?

(D) It is an organisation that spreads the word around with their leaflets, stickers and that, and helps you out if you get in trouble.

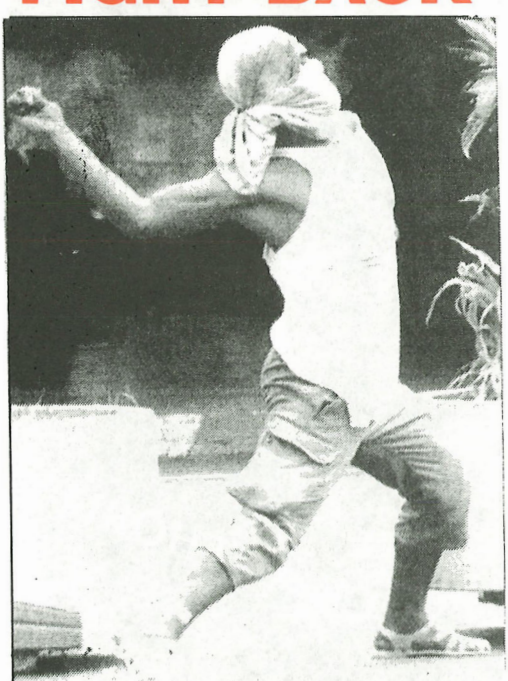
(K) In some areas it is a gang that does ramraids, armed robberies and that, and in others it's just people who won't be pushed around and are fighting back. It's definitely an organisation – because it's everywhere. People were angry and sick of being broke and helpless a long time before Class War arrived on the scene. I know because my parents were like that. Class War encouraged us to fight back and stick fast by each other, that's all. I don't see that as "extremist" or "Un-Australian" – it seems common sense to me.

(R) Where I live it's a gang, and they are extreme – they'll go all the way, which seems cool to me. In Victoria the cops will shoot you dead if they feel like it and get a medal pinned on their chest for doing it. There had to be an opposition to that. To us, Class War is the armed opposition – simple as that.

(P) In our area, there are homeboys who call themselves the Class Warriors, and then there are those of us who just do the business and call it Class War. I don't give a fuck about whether it's this or that. It's us against the cops and the rich, and the organisation just helps get as many people as possible into it and helps 'em out. It's not a complicated thing at all. If you want to complicate it we'll sort it out real quick for you!!

(T) It's not extremist as far as I'm concerned, but if they were a political party – I'd vote for 'em! If you look at the leaflets, stickers and magazines – you know straight away what it's about. It's different things to different people depending on the action you take.

FIGHT BACK



AGAINST AUTHORITY

To some people it's a graffiti tag – to others it's about shoplifting and robbing. To others it's about helping out poor people in the areas where you live. In our area, there's a group called "C.W. Boosters' who are pretty much a shoplifting crew who all say they're 100% Class War – and good luck to them.

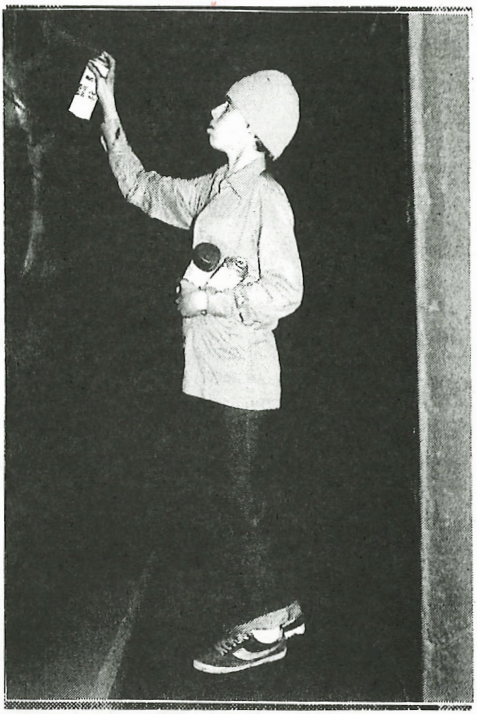
Question 4. Do you help get other people into Class War and if so how?

(S) Because we're into "strength in numbers" we're always spreading it around. Me and my friends put up stickers and posters in train stations, schools, colleges, shopping malls and on housing estates. We plaster the stuff everywhere. I got heaps of other chicks into it at our school and we are the bad girls of the school – the teachers hate us and we hate them. Most people get into it when they see you fight and that. People respect you for the fact that you won't be pushed around, and seeing you do it encourages them to do it as well. Rebellion at our school is always called "Class War".

(D) At Dubbo and other areas in western NSW the one place where all the people meet who hate authority is at the local court. So we get the stickers and leaflets and hand 'em out outside the court. And we done our own leaflet with photos of local coppers and where they lived. But we didn't label the leaflet as "Class War" cos it would have come straight back at us that one. But everyone at court loved it, especially cos we had their car rego plates on it too.

(P) We cover the area alongside highways with Class War graffiti

CLASS WAR

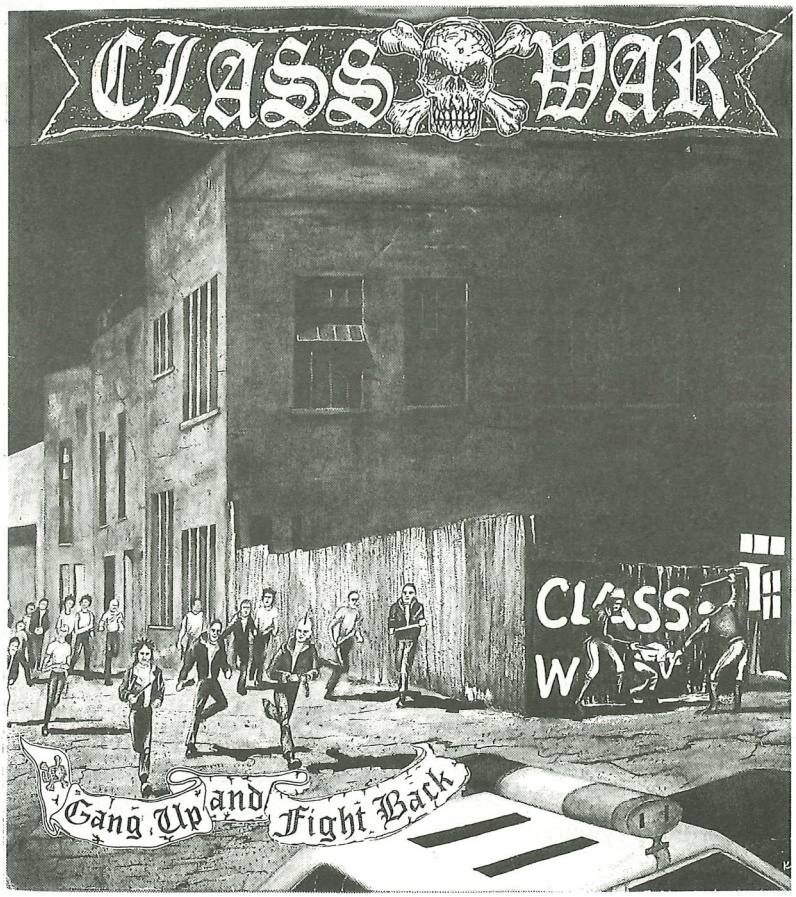


SPRAY THE THREAT ON THE WALLS

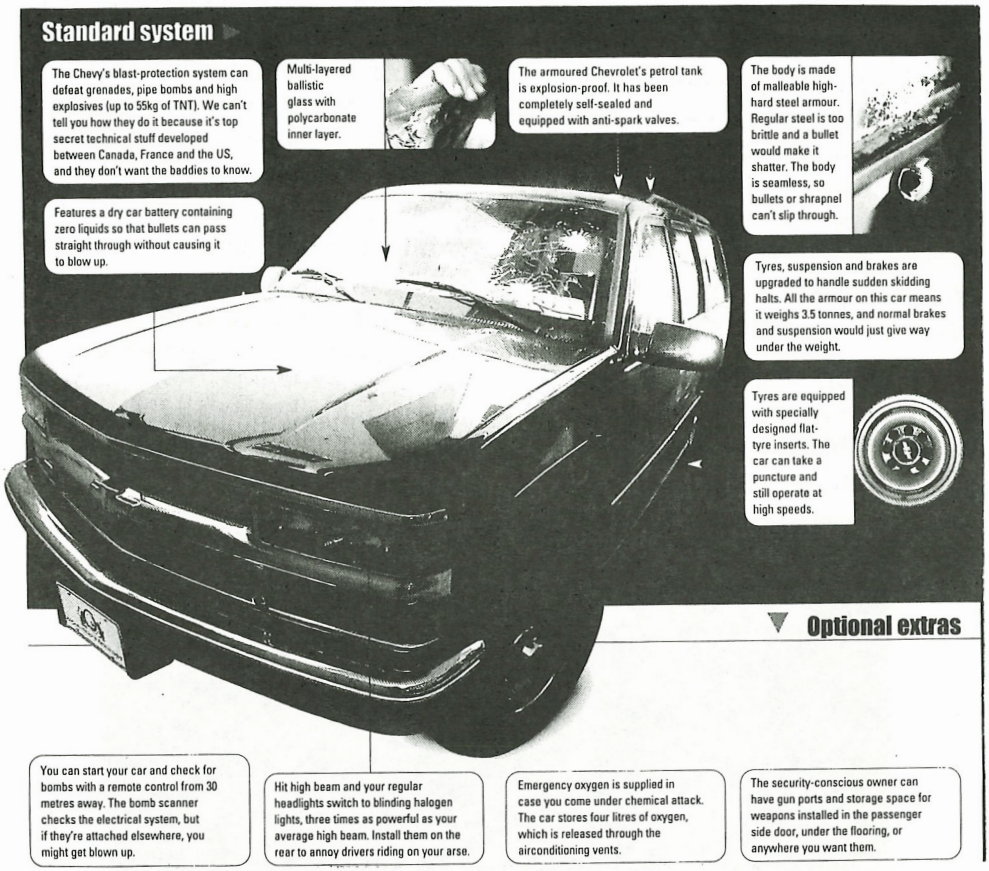
and use lookouts, hands free and mobiles to do it and not get caught. If people do stuff like this with us a few times, we'll take 'em along to do a robbery on a shop or something, and the action and the money gets a lot of people involved. Also, people who store stuff for us, or provide false information to the cops – we give 'em stuff in return, you know, 'a favour for a favour – and they get involved because they see that they're getting something out of it as well. Our houso estate is known as a class war zone by the cops.

(R) I only get people involved with me after I've known them for quite a while. I'm not into putting up stickers and posters myself. The people I've got into Class War have usually been in trouble or prison before and they see Class War as the only organisation that reflects their opinions and feelings and is prepared to actually fight back and is so anti-police.

(K) I put up stickers at work and on trains always. When I go to clubs or shows I always take a stash of stickers and a fatty. Me and a few friends sometimes put on all ages shows in rented halls or clubs with DJs and bands and we do this as a benefit for Class War. To raise money for phat caps, fattys and technology and it's an excellent chance to get other people into Class War as well. I love to 'put up', so graffin' "Class War" along train lines and roads is fun to me. I always work with 2 lookouts and scope the area properly when doing big pieces. This lets everyone know Class War is around.



THE PROTECTION GAME


Standard system
The Chevy's blast-protection system can defeat grenades, pipe bombs and high explosives (up to 55kg of TNT). We can't tell you how they do it because it's top secret technical stuff developed between Canada, France and the US, and they don't want the baddies to know.
Multi-layered ballistic glass with polycarbonate inner layer.
The armoured Chevrolet's petrol tank is explosion-proof. It has been completely self-sealed and equipped with anti-spark valves.
The body is made of malleable high-hard steel armour. Regular steel is too brittle and a bullet would make it shatter. The body is seamless, so bullets or shrapnel can't slip through.
Features a dry car battery containing zero liquids so that bullets can pass straight through without causing it to blow up.
Tyres, suspension and brakes are upgraded to handle sudden skidding halts. All the armour on this car means it weighs 3.5 tonnes, and normal brakes and suspension would just give way under the weight.
Tyres are equipped with specially designed flat-tyre inserts. The car can take a puncture and still operate at high speeds.
Optional extras
You can start your car and check for bombs with a remote control from 30 metres away. The bomb scanner checks the electrical system, but if they're attached elsewhere, you might get blown up.
Hit high beam and your regular headlights switch to blinding halogen lights, three times as powerful as your average high beam. Install them on the rear to annoy drivers riding on your arse.
Emergency oxygen is supplied in case you come under chemical attack. The car stores four litres of oxygen, which is released through the airconditioning vents.
The security-conscious owner can have gun ports and storage space for weapons installed in the passenger side door, under the flooring, or anywhere you want them.

Question 5. What else do you's get up to?

(D) This one guy in Bathurst I know drew up maps of Bathurst, Dubbo and Orange, and wrote a little 4 page leaflet on who the rich, cops and other scum were in these areas and showed you where they lived. We helped on the Dubbo one, and we gave it out to people we thought could use it. It was a who's who of those areas and I reckon it should get done everywhere.

(T) Our favourite is slashing cop car tyres with knives and pouring paint stripper on expensive cars. We also love hanging round our block listening to music and drinking at nights – everynite is party nite at Wooloomooloo!! And there's always something going on and down. The Cross is only up the road, so some of the older ones roll people near the expensive apartment blocks up there. They bring back their

'booty' and we party on with the score. Class War is fun!!

(R) We've set up a bust fund to help out mates in jail with solicitors' fees and bail money. We bank roll this by racketeering, robbing rich smack dealers and taking a score here and there. This keeps us financial and helps out those on the inside at the expense of scum out here. This is Class War to me. "Can't stop – won't stop...!!"

(P) Our Crew will scope a target then take it out. We know where every WRX is in the south of Sydney. And they are our favourite ride at the moment. Thru the Internet we've made contact with ramraiders in Newcastle, England where ramraiding first started. They provided us with some brilliant tips on pulling them off – bigger and better. They are so advanced it's unbelievable. Decoys, sending the cops to the other side of town, and cutting down telegraph poles with chain saws to fuck up the cops were the best we had come up with, but these guys were seasoned vets at it and, surprisingly, they had heard of Class War in England and thought it was magic as well. Another favourite of ours is to send a cop car on a bogus call – then throw a petrol bomb in the cop car when the coppers are off on a wild goose chase. They then come back to see their car in flames and we're round the corner laughing our heads off.

(K) a team of us will organise a meet one weeknite – Tuesday is a favourite, and we'll cruise a rich area in hot cars, find a street that is fully paved in gold, then spray and slash the entire street with 'rob the rich' and do every car. Then drive one car into the front yard of the biggest looking house – and gut it with a petrol bomb – then split.

(P) Yeah, we've done that a few times too and it's fun. Another one of ours is to get a big mob of youths from the houso and daytrip it to a place like Bondi or Manly and fully hooligan out for a day – always on the move – with plenty of drink for fun and raucousness. The rich never think we'll go to their areas especially to party on – so we go and enjoy ourselves there and piss 'em off at the same time. It's also a good chance for 'lifting' when you've got a mob – cos you just all crowd out the shop and grab wot you like – then leave. We stripped a few bottlos doing this and fleeced a jeweller too – strength in numbers!!!

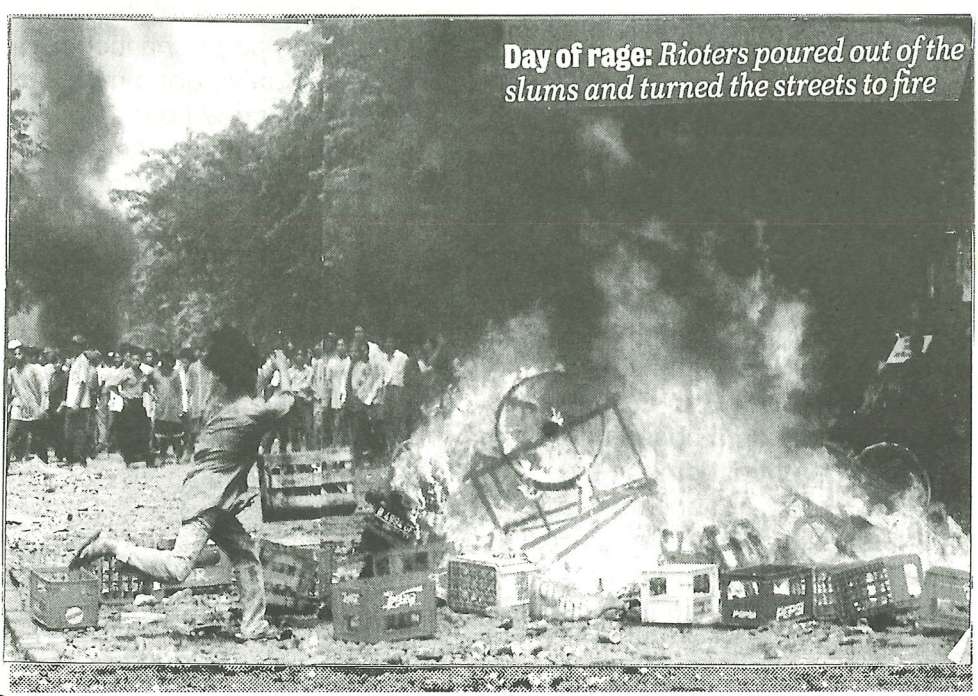
Question 6. What happens if you get arrested, fined or imprisoned?

(R) As I've already laid out, we've got a bust fund happening and the organisation encourages you to set this up and they provide financial to start it. You can't expect people to do stuff and have no backup for them.

(P) We have a central fund which we all put in a percentage from each score. It's kept in an account with 4 peoples' names as required signatures, so no one can rip it off. It's there as backup to sort out fines and to help out the families of those in jail. By providing a support network we in turn gain support for the organisation and people are prepared to lie for us. We also help out with bills and food for some poor families on the estate, and in return they help us.

(T) Some of the older ones will roll some rich tourists up the Cross and they will sometimes throw a hundred into our 'pool' to pay peoples' fines for fare evasion and stuff like that.

(D) The organisation started a bust fund for us after we wrote them about how many locals were getting locked up for small things. We go to the courts cos Dubbo is a sort of small place, we know most of the blokes in trouble. We'll give them a hand if they're in trouble or their families are broke.



Day of rage: *Rioters poured out of the slums and turned the streets to fire*

(K) In prison I spread the word on Class War when I did a 6 month stretch and the place was loaded with 'Ned Kellys' who agreed with Class War 100%. It really surprised me. We smuggled in leaflets and that. There were a few warriors who were already down for the cause, but there was a fucken army in there just waiting to sign up.

We contacted the organisation and they directed some financial our way and we sorted a few people out inside who needed things. On the inside having an outside organisation behind you and cash equals real power. Not that I wanted to extend my stay – but if I had been there longer – we could have had a riot for starters!! The Class War army is in every jail just waiting to be formed. The anger, the resentment, the frustration – it's all there. Plus there's contacts there that can direct you outside to some easy scores, and the jail education on tips and crime is very useful. For example, inside I learnt how to use scanners to break into cars and garages, how to make homemade guns, I learnt my rights on everything regarding the cops and getting arrested, how to make fake credit cards and who the good solicitors and 'fences' are.

Tools of the trade

Lock extractor or puller A device which fits over the ignition lock housing and pulls the lock out. Early versions were known as 'locksuckers', but later heavy-duty versions designed to bust the toughest locks earned the nickname 'lockf—kers'. Slide hammers or 'dent pullers' are also used to extract locks.

Lock picks
"If you're good with lock picks you can get into it without damaging anything," says Sal De Simone. "Most European and Japanese cars can be picked, although BMWs have a really good lock on them."

Force tooling
A primitive but effective method of breaking into an ignition. "I use a brass bar because it's softer and doesn't make as much noise as steel," says De Simone.

Master keys "Ford only has 51 different keys. They just give you a bunch and you go through them all," says De Simone.

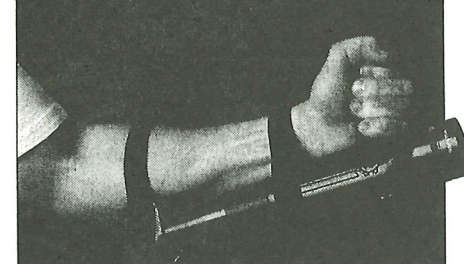
Digital keys Repomen use digital key machines to open late-model cars with computer chip security.

Illusion A type of tow-truck cunningly disguised as a normal ute for repo use. The hydraulic towing gear rises out of the truck bed at the touch of a button.

Slim-jims Long strips of metal thin enough to be slid between the door and the window glass. They're used to get at the door lock mechanism. "I've never used slim-jims because they break the clips on the door and then you have to fix the door," says De Simone.

Go-jack A jack mounted on a metal plate fitted with small wheels. Go-jacks are useful for removing blocked-in cars. You slip one under the car, jack it up and slide the vehicle wherever you want it. You can also cover the ground in transmission fluid and slide the car out sideways.

Mag-lite torch The bigger, the better. The trusty Mag-lite doubles up as a handy billy club.



Tools of the trade
Hacksaw can cut through a steering-wheel lock in 30 seconds
Socket set can remove a steering-wheel lock
Screwdriver can unlock *and* start a car – versatile
Steering wheel A steering-wheel lock presents no problem if you BYO
Dipstick Some models can be started by sticking this in the ignition
Your keys Putting your licence-plate number on your key ring is really dumb

Question 7. How do you choose who to attack?

(D) We've got the Who's Who book that the fella from Bathurst done to help us, but we just look thru the local papers for most of our info. Because we're always out on the streets, we see for ourselves who gives who a hard time. We tell each other when investigators and snoopers are around, so we sort it out there and then. Because we see who they are we can harass them on the streets whenever we see them. In our town anyone with a late model BMW or 4 wheel drive is a fucken target.

(P) We're on the streets all the time and we've got ears everywhere so we know when most shit is going down, and we do what we can. Local papers give us loads of information on local targets and we work local shopping malls for possible rammies and burglaries. The daily papers tell us who's up to what and in a roundabout way, where they socialise and live. So we don't let that slip by us either. The single most important thing is to always be alert and on duty. Fuck sitting inside in front of the 'Coma box' watching "Neighbours' – we'll pick up on stuff from the news – but on the streets is where the action is. To us Class War is all about the streets.

CLASS WAR

Ingham's home invaded

BOUND, GAGGED AND ROBBED

Jack and Susan Ingham after a racing victory at Doomben this year . . . they were robbed at gunpoint yesterday

- Phone lines cut
- Tycoon assaulted
- Cash, jewels stolen

By MORGAN OGG and LIZ HANNAN

AUSTRALIA'S richest racehorse owner Jack Ingham was threatened at gunpoint, bound and gagged and robbed of a fortune in cash and jewellery when two masked men raided his Harbour-front home yesterday.

The Inghams Chickens boss heard his 49-year-old wife, Susan, screaming when she was confronted by the robbers — one armed with a shotgun, the other a knife — in the kitchen of their Hunters Hill home about 7.50am.

Mr Ingham, 69, ran downstairs from his bedroom, only to be marched back up the stairwell at gunpoint and struck across the head with the gun.

"The man with the double-barrelled shotgun backed him up the stairs and hit him over the head to force him to the floor," said the officer heading the investigation, Detective Senior Constable Paul Daly, of Gladesville police.

Mr Ingham, known as "the Chicken King", was bound with cord and gagged with tape while Mrs Ingham was forced upstairs at knifepoint to join her husband.

"Then the gunman — he was the aggressive one — demanded she hand over cash and jewellery which she did," Det Daly said.

Police refused to comment on whether the robbers' haul included the diamond-encrusted bow from this year's Golden Slipper race trophy, worth about $20,000.

But Mrs Ingham is known to have kept the jewel at home and had been seen wearing it as a brooch.

Police said it was a precision raid and the robbers knew the layout of the four storey home in Viret St.

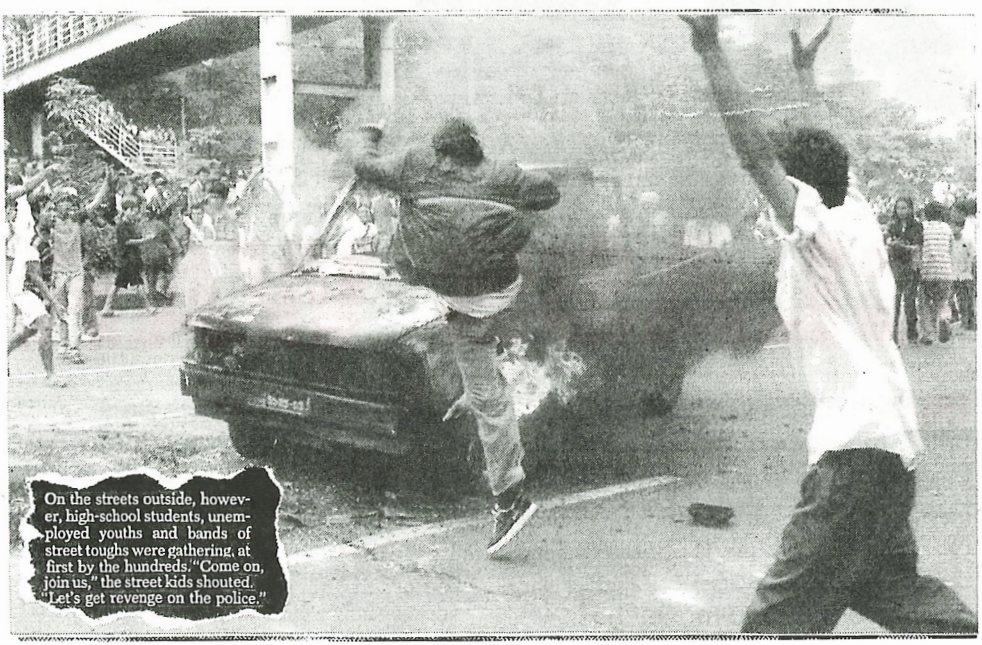
They cut about four telephone lines

CLASS WAR

(R) Yeah, that's it, we pick it all up off the streets and monitoring the news and papers. If we get a target from this then we'll take it. No hesitation. Fully take it. We get tip-offs from friends – such as when a large bond money has been laid on in cash at a real estate for a house – we'll move in and withdraw that bond, thank you!! The real estate cops it, who are always a legitimate target and no one suffers. Nice.

(T) We're always on the streets anyways; so if we see a BMW or a Porsche or wotever with a mobile or laptop in it – we'll get a spark plug to shatter the window and be in and out in a moment: We're right on the Cross, so you can imagine the amount of rich sleazebags who haunt the joint – they're all targets. No working class people drive late model BMWs. We know which ones are gangster rides and we'll leave them. We live right near the ultra posh eastern suburbs of Sydney – and the gossip columns and womens' magazines are always saying who's going on holidays and where. Then all we have to do is find out where they live thru either the street directory or by posing as freelance journalists to the magazines and papers – and we'll try and burn their house down too, just for fun!

(K) We'll case joints for a 'turn over' thru fire exit doors and by tripping alarms and mailin' the cops to the other side of town on a hoax call. Our crew is fully into technology – so we know wot shops have it and whether it's a daylight possibility or a job for the 'night workers'. Computers, scanners, mobiles and the hand set communications systems used by security at concerts are our favourite weapons. Dick Smiths and Tandy Electronics have some lovely gear. Every Class War crew should have a police scanner. It's a must. Alarm systems are a specialist field – and the best way through them is to do some



On the streets outside, however, high-school students, unemployed youths and bands of street toughs were gathering, at first by the hundreds. "Come on, join us," the street kids shouted. "Let's get revenge on the police."

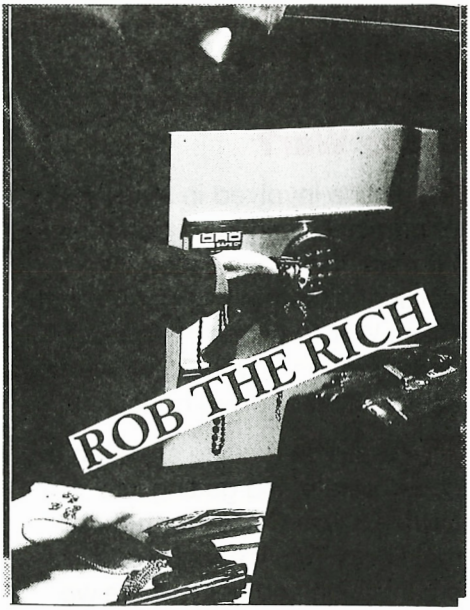
research with the companies that make them and sell them by posing as a business owner who wishes to use their alarm systems. Also we'll follow jewellery shop owners home – cos on weekends they'll sometimes take expensive stock to their homes rather than leave it in the safe. We have a 'stash house' with a lock-up that we use to stock pile spray cans, 'fatties' and stolen gear. Being organised is what it's all about.

Question 8. Who do you help and how do you organise support?

(P) We started out by helping out those on our estate who were dirt poor or we knew would agree with wot we do. From there it steam rolled – not without hiccups – we had fucken dobbers and 'dogs' and we sorted that out with no hesitation, with force, so that everyone would see that we meant business. This is only the beginning – it never ends. After living like this and taking some power, you can't stop or go back to living on your knees.

(T) Just by helping each other out in fights, with the cops, against housо snoopers and centre link spies. If they come on our house the word spreads round and they are fuckin' terrified.

(K) We make sure that our mates have got their bases covered financially so that they feel more



confident in taking some direct action. We have a network of support incase of arrests and solicitors who bail us anytime day or night. We make sure that everyone has their own supply of 'fatties' and spray cans – so the action never lets up.

(D) Like I said before, we know everyone in town pretty much – so we know who to help and who to target.

(R) We help out those people who we know are into what we do, and do us favours in return. It's how we build a support network. Covering for each other. Old school criminal ethics – the only way. We create a circle with an impenetrable edge, cops can't infiltrate. Our crew is mostly Asian, so the cops are not quite sure how to deal with us.

Question 9. What would you be doing if you weren't involved in Class War?

(R) I'd be involved in some form of criminal lifestyle – I don't think I'd have the organisational or political direction I've got through Class War to give my rage focus and direction. I wouldn't have been as selective or class conscious.

(P) I'd still be running amok on a houso estate and getting into trouble. I was Class War before I met Class War. It encouraged organisation and unity where we lived – amongst us – and channelled our anger at our real enemies.

(T) I'd be like I am now without a cause behind me. Class War's the only organisation I've ever heard of that reckons it's good to be wild and hate cops. Society is always telling you to behave yourself. I don't see why I should. And let them get away with all their shit? – no fuckin' chance!! This is our way of making those cunts pay.

(D) I'd be sittin' around getting pissed and arrested every 5 minutes, and giving a fuck about no cunt. This gave us some direction and backup.

(K) I'd be graffin' and DJin', and probably working as a mechanic – as I am now. I got a nitro charge from this – I think mostly from the fact that I was part of something that wads happening all around the country that encouraged rebellion and hated the cops and the government.

Question 10. Do you's dress a certain way or have tattoos?

(D) I just wear the same clothes as most people my age in Dubbo – trackies, trainers and t-shirts.

(P) I dress the same as most teenagers round here, in what you'd call the 'hommie' style. Baggy clothes are good form hiding things in, and all my jackets have hidden and thieving pockets. Hidden pockets in the backs of jackets are especially useful cos not many cops search there. I only wear trainers on my feet – cos they're fast – all other shoes are like wearing house bricks on your feet. I need to move fast sometimes, and I don't need a heavy fashion statement on my feet weighing me down. I have tattoos on my arms. I don't have any on my hands or fingers. I have 'C.W' tattooed on the side of my neck, but I'm getting it lasered off. Don't get tattooed. Especially not where you can't cover them when you need to. The cops love people like us with tats cos it's easier for them to ID us.

(K) I don't have any tats and I ain't getting any cos everytime I get pulled up by the cops they

CUT LOOSE THE PITBALLS

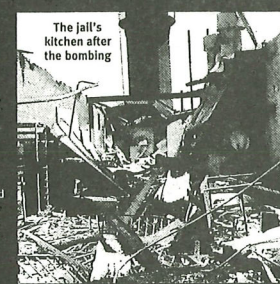
Bill of riots

Pressure cookers always blow

PRISONERS usually take out their frustrations on each other, rather than the system. There have been some notable exceptions.

Bathurst, NSW, 1974

PETROL bombs gutted the prison when 230 prisoners rioted over conditions on February 3. The inmates planned to break out over the rear walls, but police reinforcements were called in, and guards opened fire. Twenty inmates, including one dressed as a chicken, were wounded. One was left a paraplegic. Most of the rioters surrendered after the gunfire, except 80 inmates who held out for another two-and-a-half hours.



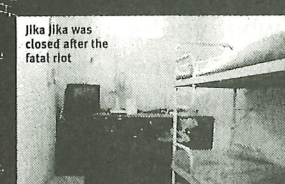
The jail's kitchen after the bombing

Goulburn, NSW, 1974

A WEEK after the Bathurst riot, inspired inmates at Goulburn Jail went on a rampage. Eighty inmates returning from the shower block climbed into a security yard holding 120 other prisoners. The 200 inmates yelled abuse at officers and encouraged other prisoners to join in. Officers fired 15 shots over prisoners' heads, then hurled tear gas canisters into the yard. One inmate was injured before warders forced them back into their cells.

Pentridge, Victoria, 1987

FIVE prisoners died in a protest fire lit in the top-security Jika Jika section of Pentridge on October 29. Inmates had barricaded themselves in by securing a door with wire. They set fire to bedding and furniture to protest over a decision not to transfer murderer Robert Wright from the section. The prisoners, including Wright, were killed by the smoke and fumes from burning plastic.



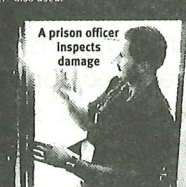
Jika Jika was closed after the fatal riot

Boggo Road, Queensland, 1987

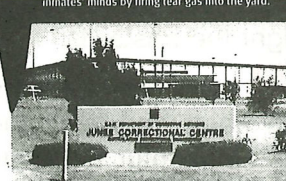
TEN prisoners facing charges over an earlier riot tried to break out of a prison van and overpower police at the Brisbane Watchhouse on the morning of December 3. At midday, 250 Boggo Road inmates wrecked cells, set fire to the kitchen, and smashed furniture and windows over the re-opening of the 'Black Hole' detention unit – a 12-cell underground dungeon. More than 100 police, including the TRG and dog squad were called in. Helicopters were also used.

Long Bay, NSW, 1990

TOUGH personal property rules sparked a 200-inmate riot in the Reception Prison at Long Bay on September 17. At 12.30pm, prisoners began collecting electrical equipment such as TVs and toasters, piled the items up and smashed them in an exercise yard. Then they lit fires in rubbish bins and refused to return to their cells. The Police Emergency Response Unit changed the inmates' minds by firing tear gas into the yard.



A prison officer inspects damage



Junee, NSW, 1994

PRISONERS armed with iron bars and home-made knives rioted for four hours on November 27. The riot kicked off when a prisoner attacked four officers who entered his cell. Other prisoners refused to be locked away, armed themselves and began to trash the security windows. The Emergency Response Team arrived and an all-in brawl developed, with many officers assaulted. Officers subdued inmates with gas grenades.

JAIL BREAK

check me for tattoos. I have special pockets sewn in my jeans and jackets for lifting and hiding stuff.

(T) I dress in Adidas and sportswear and I have one tat. There's no Class War dress code. Most people I know who are into it dress like skaters or 'hommies'. One of my friends has a sewing machine and she sews 'nicking' pockets in all our crews' jackets. Hoodies are good for a disguise at times. None of us wear skateshoes, 'coloradoes' or heavy boots. On the streets – speed counts.

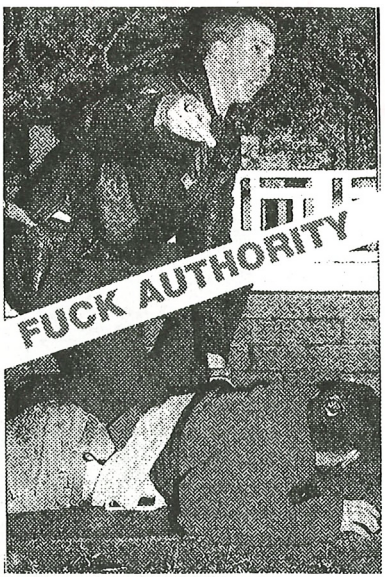
(R) I've got a few tats like most of my friends. I don't have Class War tattooed on me – and I wouldn't get it done – because the cops would know what you're into then and you'd be fully marked down. I dress in sportswear and I wear trainers not skateshoes because you can run faster in them. All my clothes have hidden pockets and seams.

Question 11. What else would you like to say?

(D) This country is trying to make everyone tame and easy to control – so they can fuck us around. Don't let 'em. Stick together and run riot.

(R) The cops are the rich man's army. They're our enemies. Don't fight amongst yourselves – fight them instead.

(T) The rich think they can cruise around in their posh cars and laze



around their luxury mansions and not have a hand laid on them. Class War is about making these people fucking pay. I'm up for it!

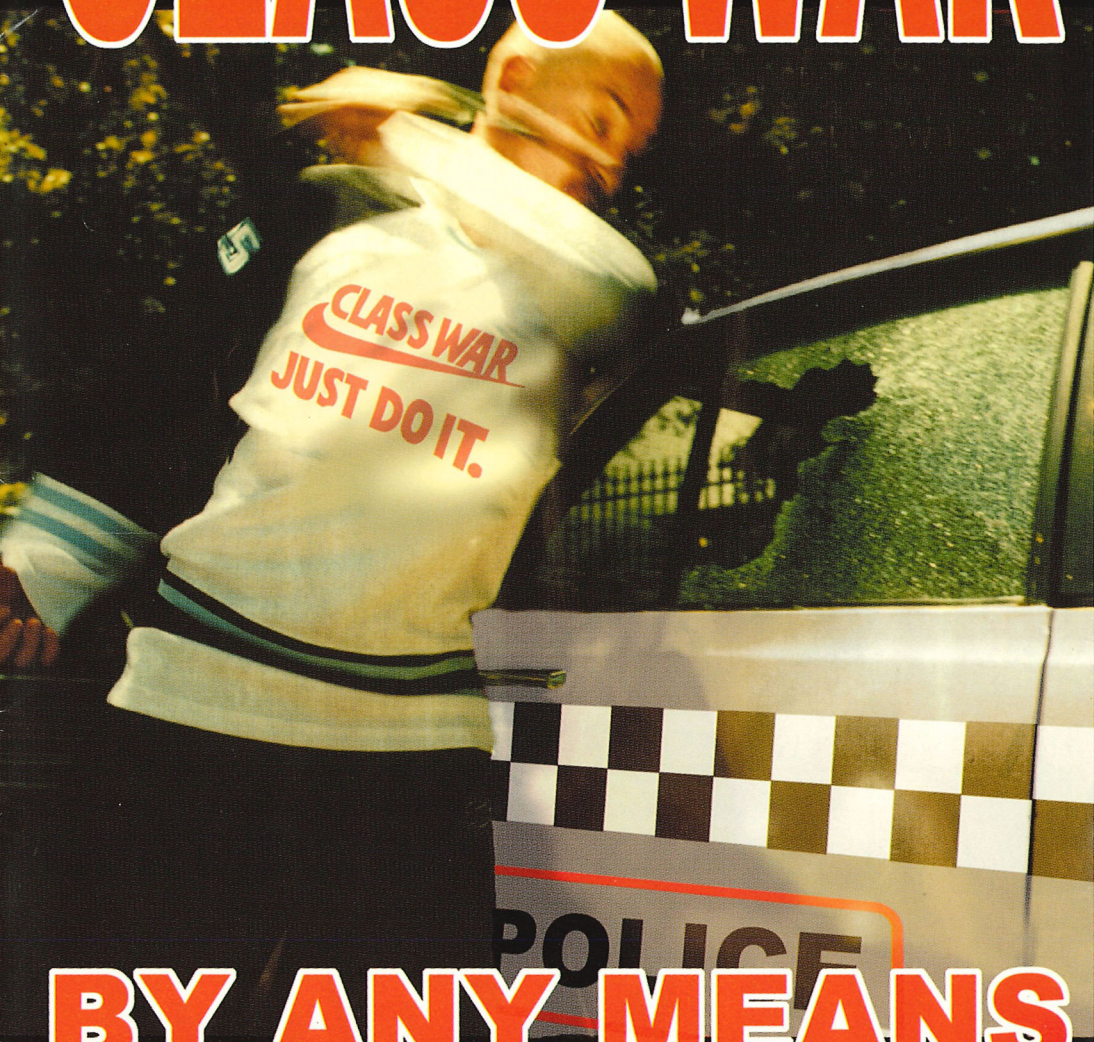
(P) Don't shit in your own nest. Form your own crews where you live and take the fight to the enemy – you'll see 'em everywhere you go. They treat you like shit and shove you around – hit 'em back fucken hard. And look after your own.

(K) Rebel every step of the way. If they hit you, hit 'em back. Get organised with those you trust and fight the bastards.

(S) Yeah, fuck the cunts, take 'em on when you've got the numbers and look after those around you. Oh yeah, and have a good time as well. Get stuck in.

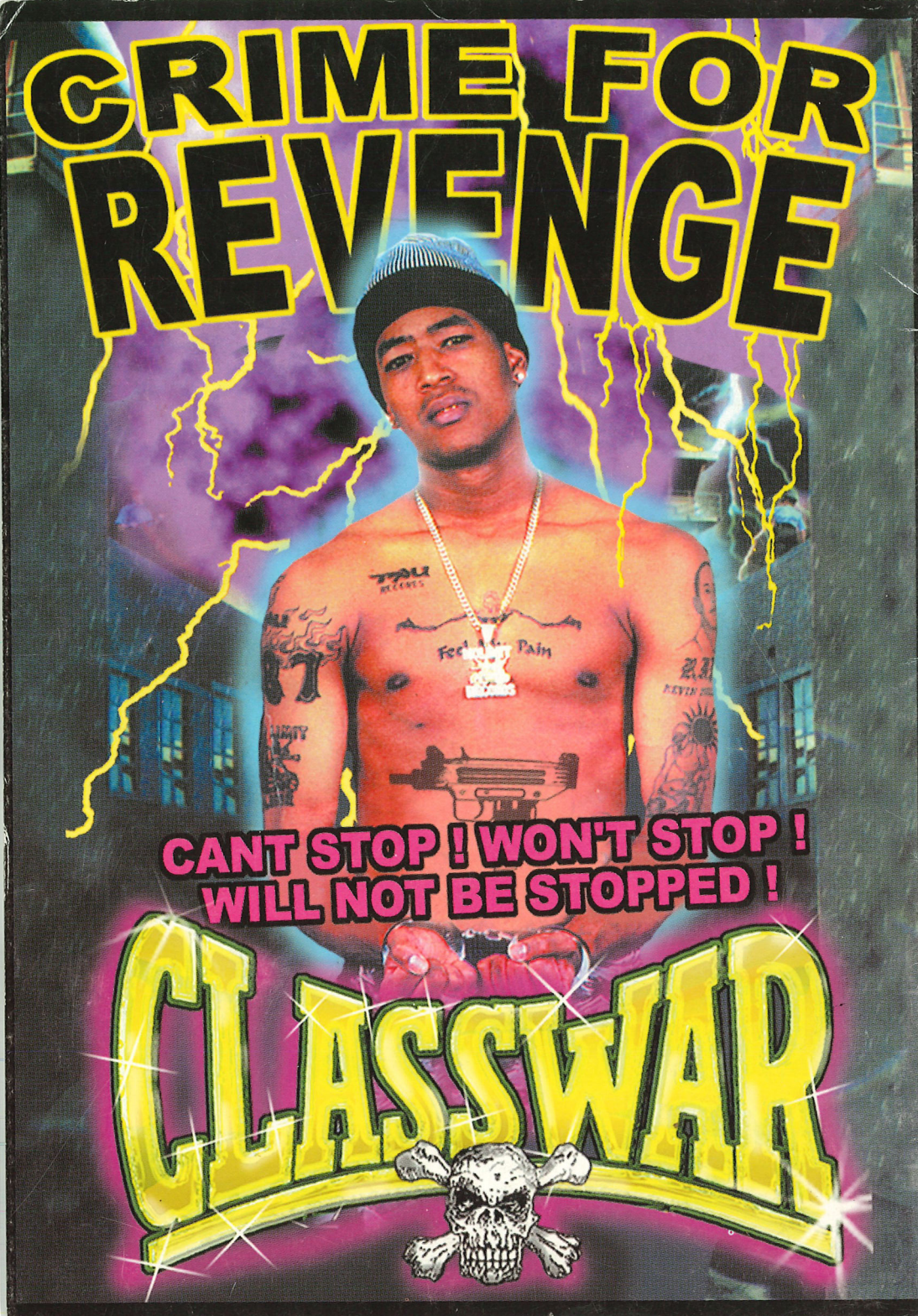
CAN'T STOP - WON'T STOP - WILL NOT BE STOPPED

CLASS WAR



BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY

CAN'T STOP - WON'T STOP - WILL NOT BE STOPPED


CRIME FOR REVENGE
CANT STOP ! WON'T STOP !
WILL NOT BE STOPPED !
CLASSWAR